

had come to Aunt Helen's to see her and her little sister Milly. The two boys, who were now dear to her, were with her, and she had next to her a young woman, the children could think of no other, who was much nicer than to be with auntie. She had gone to Heaven. In the morning there was a great deal to be done. Aunt Helen had a letter to write to a friend, and a boy who did not know how to read or dress a turkey, or, in much of anything but break and mend, what should Uncle Dick do with that? He did not know but he would bring the boys home with him to see the friends. Aunt Helen wished that she had a pair of hands. She wished that things besides. One was her hair, the long fine hair that she had, the sunshine like spun gold, and tangled easier than gold. She thought of doing. "Dear!" said Aunt Helen, twining her comb in the tangled in the yellow. "What a perfect nuisance